



FEATURE

COMICS

JUNE FORMERLY FEATURE FUNNIES



MICKEY FINN



JANE ARDEN



THE CLOCK



LALA PALOOZA



BUT KNOBBY—
I DON'T THINK
THIS IS THE RIGHT
WAY TO PRESS
TROUSERS!!



NO. 21 10¢

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





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Follow Mickey Finn in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 31st

OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED.*



WHEN YOUR GRAND-DAD,
WAS JUST A LAD,
THE BIKES WERE HIGH AND SCARY,
THERE WERE NO MAKES,
WITH COASTER BRAKES
AND FALLING WASN'T MERRY!



BUT DAD'S FIRST BIKE,
WAS VERY LIKE,
THE ONES WE RIDE TODAY ON,
AND HUSKY-CHESTED,
FANCY-VESTED,
CENTS CONTRIVED TO STAY ON



ITS MORROW BRAKE,
WAS BUILT TO TAKE,
THE HARDEST KIND OF ROUGHING,
TO SPEED, AND STOP,
AND CLIMB THE TOP,
OF HILLS THAT GAVE THEM BUZZING



SO SHOW YOUR PA,
OR UNK OR MA,
THIS BRAKE ADVICE I'M TELLING---
YOUR SHOP CAN GET,
THIS BRAKE, YOU BET,
ON ANY BIKE THEY'RE SELLING!



**BE SURE YOUR NEW BIKE HAS A
MORROW COASTER BRAKE**

Removes the 18 month Coast braking,
and pedalling, long running, more hill
climbing, 17" Max. coaster brake, the
Morrow Coaster Brake, the only one with the 17"
120000 MACHINERY DIVISION of Benda Machine Corporation, 1000 2nd Ave. N. E.







ONE HOUR LATER, AT THE PENNSYLVANIA STATION.....



ON SHINING RAILS, THE POWERFUL "WASHINGTON SPECIAL" SWOOPS UNDER THE TUNNEL AND ROLLS DOWN THE JERSEY COAST... DAWN IS BREAKING AND THE SPEEDING TRAIN LOOKS GRIM AND OMINOUS.....



IN THE CLUB CAR, THE SCANT PASSENGERS DOZE PEACEFULLY TO THE MONOTONOUS SOUND OF WHEELS.

SUDDENLY TWO MEN ENTER FROM ANOTHER CAR... THEY PAUSE AND SCRUTINIZE THE PASSENGERS...



WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY CAR—

LOOK, MIKE! THAT'S HIM SITTING OVER THERE—HE'S GOT THE GREEN CASE!



SUDDENLY THEY ARE THRUST INTO DARKNESS AS THE TRAIN ENTERS A TUNNEL.





JANE ARDEN

AS JANE
FLED FROM
THE LOWAT
ESTATE,
SHE
BUMPED
INTO A
STRANGER!

SAY!!
I NEVER
MET
YOU
HERE
BEFORE!

I'VE
NEVER
BEEN
HERE
BEFORE
AND—

SNEAKED
IN, EH?
WELL, IF
WE'RE
SEEN I'LL
PRESENT
YOU AS
AN OLD
FRIEND!

YOU SEE, I'M
A REPORTER—
I CAME TO TRY
TO LEARN
ABOUT THE
WILL!

A LOT OF US
ARE HERE
FOR THAT
REASON
AND—

BOOTH!
BOOTH!
BOOTH!
BOOTH!
BOOTH!
BOOTH!

I'M
COMING!

TALK
QUICK!!
IS THAT
WAY YOU
WERE
RUNNING
AWAY?

WELL, I
FOUND
HIS BODY,
AND I
KNEW
MOORE
WOULD
UNDER-
STAND.
SO—

OKAY—I
BELIEVE YOU,
BUT DON'T
LEAVE!
WE'RE
ALL GOING
TO
FIND
THIS
MURDER!

SHUT UP, ARCHIE!! WE
KNOW IT'S AWFUL!

WHO DO
IT? OH!! THIS
IS AWFUL!!

WHO IS A FRIEND
OF MINE
—MISS
ARDEN?

WHY, MISS
ARDEN FOUND
THE BODY!

WHAT
THE?

WELL, CALL THE
POLICE! HAVE
HER ARRESTED!

DID THE JUDGE HAVE
THE WILL ON HIM WHEN
HE DIED?

ARDEN
MY BLUNT
COUSINS
MISS
ARDEN?

SAV! GET
THIS ALL OF
YOU—THIS
GIRL HAS
NO MORE
TO ANSWER
FOR THAN
ANY OF US
SO, NO
MORE
QUESTIONS

BUT, EVERYTHING
IS GONNA
BE IN THAT TREE
FOR THE
GHOSTS!

LENA,
YES A
DAISY
WITH A
SKILLET!

OH!! I'M SO
TIRED—I'VE
HALF A MIND
TO PACK AND
LEAVE!

BUT, WHO'D
COOK
MY
GRUB?

I'M WORE OUT—
SLAVIN', JUST SO
THEY'LL LEAVE
US ALONE!
OH!!—

THESE
GHOSTS
AREN'T BAD—
THEY'RE JUST
A BIT
HUNGRY!

PERHAPS WE CAN
FOOL 'EM—
LIKE TRICK 'EM
IN SOME WAY
OR OTHER!

TROUBLE IS, IT IS THAT
THESE GHOSTS
LIKE MORE
COOKING!
NOW!!

THEY DON'T WANT
JOHN!
MY COOKING
AGAIN! FETCH
ME THE
SOAP!

THAT'S
A PERFECT
IDEA!





JANE ARDEN

25 JAMES
FRIEND
INSPECTOR
MURPHY
ARRIVES
AT THE
SCENE OF
THE MURDER

IM GLAD
LOVE-WE
SENT FOR
YOU
BECAUSE
OF A
-B2-
LITTLE
MISAD
N-WEVE
HAD
HERE!

UNSLADN' WILLET, LODGE
HE MEANS WHO STEP-
LEADER IS ENSH

JUDGE
STEPH-
ENSON

WHY THESE THINGS DON'T HAPPEN TO PEOPLE LIKE US!

WATKIN
HAT
STRANGE
GLO

THE
GREEN
HOWD
YOU
BEAT
ME
HERE
?

I CAME
ABOUT THE
HILL STORY BUT
I RAN INTO A
MURDER!

I FOUND THE
BODY AND
SOME HAVE
ALREADY
DECIDED I'M
GUILTY!

I SAY DOC
 EXAMINE
 THE
 BODY!
 I STEVE,
 GET
 APT. 205
 AND LOOK
 FOR ANSWERS!
 YOU
 AND BOB
 OK TOO

NOW—
NOBODY
LEAVES
HERE
TILL
I FIND
OUT
WHAT
HAPPENED

WHERE
IS THAT
MILL
NOW

WE CAN'T FIND IT AND THE JUDGE SAYS WE HAD IT WITH HIM!

100A

WAV DO
YOU TR
WAG
GOODS
JANE!

AN ARMY
LOCATION
OF THE NEW
WORLD HO
... ..

THIS
ER SOME
ST. HARE
W. DONE
BY ONE
WHO
THOUGHT
HE WAS
CAN LEA
UP UNT
TO DO V



PART GHOST
 SLICE SHAPED
 YE WARD ON THE
 NOBENT, LENA!
 WHAT A
 LUMP!

WILL THEY
DAFT TOLD
THIS HERE
DE/LEVE
BE/ST
WORLD
OF IT
NEW
RAC

THEY'RE
MAO AT US
YOU CAN'T
TELL
WHAT
THEY
MIGHT
DO
I'M
SORRY
WE
TRICKED
THEM!

WHAT HER ARE I AMT
HE SON BACK - GUY
THERE WHEN UP SO
THAT YOU TOLD ME
THAT SON - I FEEL
DUE
THINK I GOT
HIS HERE
PAGE

MEET
THE
MAN
WHO
HAS
BEEN
THE
GREAT
DOCTOR

AND NEXT MORNING

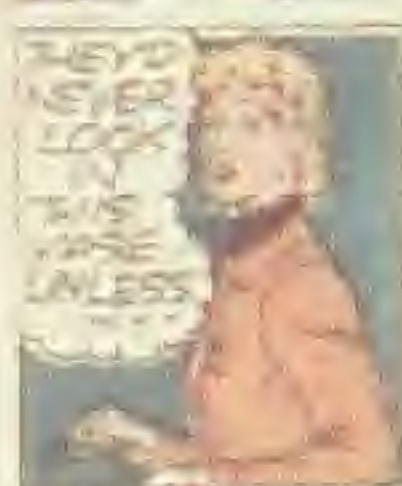
DIRTY DISHES THAT'S WORSE THAN DOING THE COOKING!

THE ARTIST'S WARDROBE
AND LEAVE NO



JANE ARDEN

By Max Glanville and Edward J. Kane



Jane Arden is continued in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 31st

Gallant Knight

BY
VERNON HENKEL

IT IS DARK WHEN AN OLD FISHERMAN HELPS A WEARILY EXHAUSTED COUPLE TO HIS HUMBLE ABODE NEAR YARSELLES.



LIFE-DEAD ONES I FOUND YOU ON THE BEACH

HOW IS THE GIRL?



SIR HOMERIE REVIVES THE MAIDEN WITH COOL WATER.

IT IS NOW MY TURN TO BRING YOU ABOUT, YOUNG LADY—REMEMBER ON THE SHIP?



THE SHIP! OH, DON'T REMIND ME OF THAT HORRIBLE TIME—DON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO ME!



YOU SAVED ME WHEN ALL OTHERS PERISHED—THANK YOU, BUT AS LONG AS HE LIVES IN THIS COUNTRY MY LIFE IS IN DANGER.

BUT WHY?



YOU HAVE ONLY KNOWN ME BY THE NAME ALICE—MY FULL NAME IS ALICE GRABERT, HEIR TO THE THRONE OF NAARRA.

A PRINCESS?



THE FISHERMAN RETURNING FROM AN OUTER ROOM OVERHEARS THE HUSHED CONVERSATION.



THE PRINCESS OF NAARRA

I BRING YOU FOOD—DRINK—AND SOME WARM CLOTHES!

YOU ARE TOO KIND, GOOD SIR—BUT WE ARE MUCH IN NEED FOR IT!







GUARD: "WATER? I'M DYING—JUMP WATER—I'LL TELL YOU WHERE I HIDE HORN WITH GOLD."

REBELS' DESPERATE WINE MOVED—THE GUARD OPENED THE DOOR AND WAS TAKEN BY SURPRISE—

GAINING POSSESSION OF HIS DROD AFTER A VIOLENT STRUGGLE HE REMOVED THE SHAFER TO FREEDOM



HE DISMAYED AS THE GUARD HE HAD SLAIN EMERGED FROM THE DARK CASTLE

OUT IN THE STREETS HE WAS CARRIED ALONG IN A FURIOUS TORMENT OF REBELS AND BERSARPS

AS THE WIDE-SPREAD REBEL GOT ORDER, WAS THE FIRST'S SHAFERMAN THROTTLED OUT TO REFUSE THE HOD



AFTER AN HOUR OF BATTER FIGHTING THE BATTLE SUBSIDED AND THE SHAFER WOULD SOGGIT OUT A PARTY OF THE KING'S SOLDIERS—

I AM NO REBEL—BUT I OWE NO YOU IN FINDING CHORAN—THEIR LEADER!

IF YOU ARE NOT ONE OF THEM, HOW IS IT THAT YOU KNOW THEIR LEADER? GUARDS, SEIZE THIS REBEL!



TO BE CONTINUED—

Callant Knight is continued in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 31st.

BIG TOP

BY ED WHEELAN

A TREMENDOUS CROWD TURNS OUT FOR THE EVENING SHOW AT PITTS FALLS.

HAVE YOUR MONEY READY, FOLKS!

OH, HALL! I HAVN'T THIS A GRAND CROWD— I JUST LOVE IT!!

YOU BET MYRA— THAT BIG CROWD IN THERE PROVES THAT JEFF BATES GIVES EM A GOOD SHOW, AND THEY KNOW IT!

MEANWHILE, BEHIND THE BIG TOP, SILK FOWLER TALKS WITH TWO VERY MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS. HERE—STAGER WILL GIVE YOU THE REST WHEN YOU RETURN.



AFTER THE SHOW, JEFF GOES TO HIS TICKET WAGON.

HE TOOK IN ABOUT \$10,000 FOR THE DAY, BOSS!

FINE, JACK— WILL YOU AND MAX TAKE IT DOWN THE HILL TO MY CAR?

I'LL SEE YOU LATER— I MUST SEE SILK FOWLER— HE SAYS HE HAS SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SAY TO ME.

BUT AS THE TREASURER AND HIS LEGAL ADJUSTER ARE ON THEIR WAY DOWN WITH THE MONEY—

STICK EM UP!— GOOD THAT BAG AN' GET OVER IN THEM BUSHES QUICK!



UNAWARE OF THE HOLD-UP, JEFF WALKS DOWN THE HILL TO THE CARS WITH SILK FOWLER.

NO—I HON'T SELL MY SHOW TO ANY BODY—BUT I'LL BUY YOUR TROD INTEREST IN IT!

NO—I HON'T SELL.

JEFF REACHES HIS CAR— SAM, WHERE'S JACK COYNE AND MAX FOX?



WHY—DEY I HAVN'T BEEN HEAR, SUH!



WHAT?

JEFF RUNS OUTSIDE AND MEETS MAX, MYRA AND RED.

SEE ANYTHING OF JACK COYNE AND MAX FOX?

WHY NO—HAY?



JEFF QUICKLY TELLS OF HOW THE MEN HAVE VANISHED WITH \$10,000 IN RECEIPTS.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM, HALL!

AND A HOLD-UP SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE ON SUCH A SHORT TRIP, BUT—



SEE— WISH I HAD WHISKERS HERE NOW.

LET'S GO UP THE HILL AND LOOK AMONG THE TREES AND BUSHES—

JEFF YOU AND I WILL LOOK ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE ROAD—



MYRA AND RED LOOK ON THE LEFT SIDE.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

OH! GOSH!—HEY, EVERYBODY— OVERE—QUICK!



WH—WHAT IS IT, RED?

LOOK! JACK COYNE AND MAX FOX, JEFF!



—HAY THEY'RE SAGGED AN' TIED UP.

QUICK, RED—RUN TO THE CARS AND BRING DOC AMES, HERE AT ONCE.



OKAY, HALL!

AND THEY GOT AWAY WITH THE \$10,000, JACKED US!



YES—HEY! STUCK US UP, THEN THEY REMEMBER.

BIG TOP

BY ED WHEELAN



Big Top is continued in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 31st.

CAPTAIN COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD

IT IS A COOL SPRING NIGHT.
THE HAILED COLONEL JOHN WARREN,
RETIRED ENGLISH ARMY OFFICER,
RETURNS HOME FROM THE THEATRE.

HIS DELICIOUS HOUNDS THE AGONY OF THE DARK-A
HAD LOOKS FROM A WINDOW OF THE WARREN HOME.

"I HAD THE
JOHN FIRED
TODAY SIR."

"SO I HEAR. I
DON'T NEED THE
CAR TOMORROW
CHARLES-BOONER."



AS THE COLONEL WALKS UP THE STAIRS HE IS
GREETED BY THE MAID-A CLOCK STRIKES EIGHT.

"GOOD
EVENING, SIR."

"GOOD
EVENING—"



"I GOT THE WORK ON
THE CAR FIRED TODAY
HOW DO YOU THINK I
WAS DEAD FRED."

"YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
BLOWN THE WORK
LIKE THAT AT THE
HOUR THE NEIGHBORS
PROBABLY THOUGHT
YOU WERE CRAZY."



NOTE TO YOU WANT TO SEE THE KILLING DONE SO USE
SOON THEY THEN FIND THE FIRST THREE PICTURES AGAIN.

ONE HOUR LATER-A POLICEMAN IS STROLLING
THROUGH A PARK NEAR THE WARREN HOME.

"WELL I'LL BE A
BLASTED—IT'S
COLONEL WARREN—AND
DEAD AS A DOOR
NAIL."



IMMEDIATELY THE POLICEMAN RUSHES HEADQUARTERS—
40 MINUTES LATER CAPTAIN COOK AND THE CHIEF
OF SCOTLAND YARD ARE AT THE DEATH SCENE.

"HERE'S A KISS
ON THE SCROOF
CAPTAIN—I
HUGGY
TOUCHED
IT SIR."

"GOOD NIGHT
THE KISS
WILL DISCLOSE
FINGERPRINTS."



"SO I TOOK
THE CAR
FROM THE
COURTNEY."

"LET US
SEE."







AFTER QUESTIONING THE MAD COOK GOES SECRETLY TO THE GARAGE...

HMM—THE WIRES CONNECTING THE HORN WITH THE STEERING WHEEL HAD BEEN PURPOSELY CUT WITH A BARBER KNIFE. I WONDER WHO CAN EXPLAIN THAT?



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE WARREN HOME, COOK HAS ARRANGED A MEETING BETWEEN THE HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS AND SCOTLAND YARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE PERSONS WHO KILLED YOUR MASTER ARE IN THIS VERY ROOM!







THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About that Day-
after 1905, at
St. Louis.

Cardinal fans aren't
excited as Grimes
walks Cochrane of
the Athletics to
start the ninth in-
ning. Hadn't he
stopped the A's in
the eighth after fill-
ing the bases with
one out?



Defiantly, Grimes wheels the
ball in there and forces the
hard hitting Al Simmons to
pop out, then turns to face
the great Jimmy Fox.



Scorning his famous "spitter," Grimes pitches his
ball and shoots a high fast one at Connie Mack's
big first baseman. It's the first pitch and Fox is ready
Crack!



There is momentary silence when a roar as that terrific
drive soars far into the left field stand for a home run,
winning the fifth game of the world series, 3 to 2.



The perfect swing
and beautiful follow-
through swing of
Jimmy Fox has sent
many a pitch sky-
ward, just as it did
that day, Oct. 6,
1905, at St. Louis.
The Athletics won
the series.





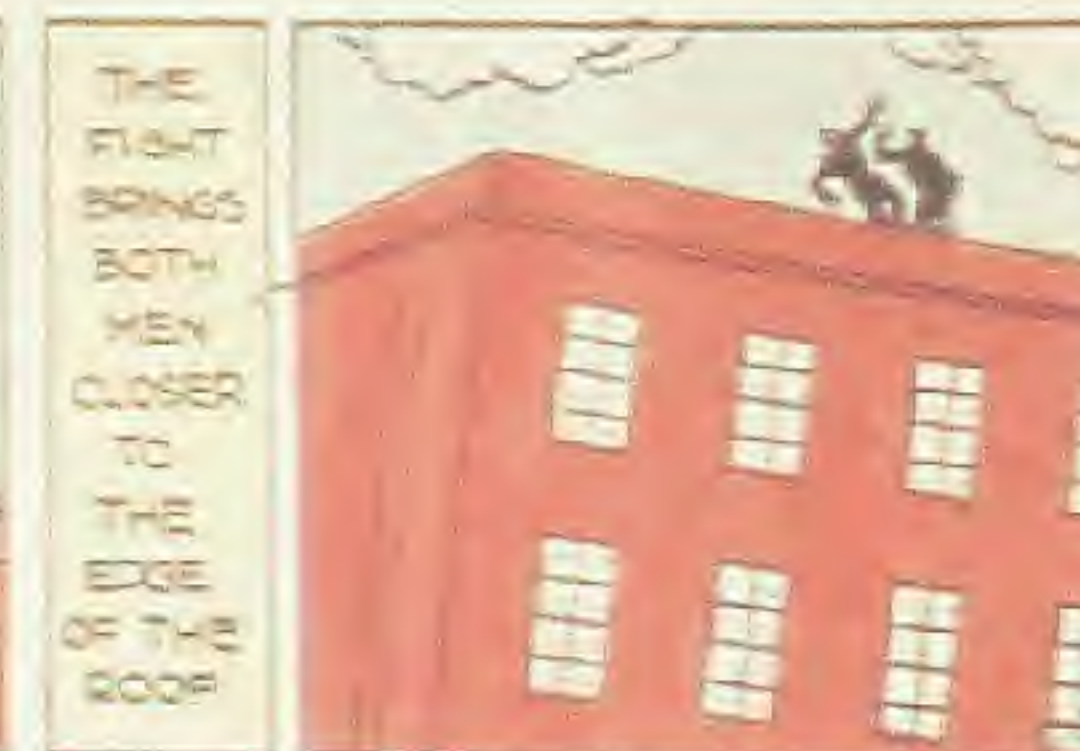


NOT
FUD
BRIAN
WANDERS
ALONG
WITH
THE
HUMAN
TOE--



AS
THE
CROOK
IS ABOUT
TO DUCK
INTO
ONE OF
THE
MANY
BUILDINGS
HE
SEES--







HAND OVER HAND THE CLOCK COMES BACK THE POLE AND CLIMBS THROUGH A WINDOW—



Another episode of The Clock in the July issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale May 31st.

Lala Palooza

by THE EDITOR

VINCENT'S NEW PATENT DRESS SHIRT FRONT, BY WHICH SPOTTED FRONTS CAN BE REPLACED WITH CLEAN ONES.

HERE IS THE FLOWING A DEED TO THE OLD DOCKS HOTEL. MISS LALA—



VINCENT, I'M SO GLAD THEY LEFT THE HELP IN THE HOTEL—NOW HE CAN START OPERATIONS RIGHT AWAY!



HOLY MUCKER! IT'S SHIRTS THAT? FATHER TIME, JACK FROST, OR OLD MAN RIVER DOORMAN?



DOORMAN, WE HAVE BOUGHT THIS HOTEL AND HE CAME TO TAKE IT OVER!



WHEN THE LAWYER SAID THE HELP WAS HERE FOR YEARS HE MEANT IT!



JUST RIDE UP THERE BOY—ANY SHOW WE HAVE?



HELP YOURSELVES FOLKS—MY LUMBAGO HAS SLOWED ME UP SOME!



GENTLEMEN, I CAN'T LET YOU WORK ANYMORE—I'M GIVING YOU ALL THE REV'S ON!



I WONDER IF SHE EXPECTS ME TO BE THE CHAMBERLAIN TOO?



I'M THE NEW BOSS BABE—WE OUGHT TO GET ALONG FINE—



C'MON! YOU'VE GOT PLENTY TO DO TILL WE GET A NEW STAFF!



Lala Palooza

THIS IS A GADGET THAT PREVENTS ME FROM FLIRTING WITH THE OFFICE HELP WHILE SIVING DICTATION—
THE GIRL SITS ON AIR CUSHION—CANDLE FLAME BLOWS INTO STRINGS, BURNING IT, AND RON DROPS DOLLARS UP SHADE





Follow Lala Palooza and Vincent in the July issue—on sale May 31st.



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

HIGH WORDS

By H. J. TUTTLE





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

ANOTHER \$1000,000 IDEA

By H. J. TUTTILL



Richard MANNERS

THE SUPER SLEUTH

BY FRED



LEAVE A SMALL TRUCK FROM "TOWNES"
FURNITURE STORE MAKES A STOP ON A
SIDE STREET TO DELIVER A PACKAGE.
BUT DOES ANOTHER CAR QUICKLY
PULL UP ALONGSIDE OF IT.



FROM A DISTANCE--
RICHARD MANNERS
WITNESSES THE
INCIDENT--

MANNERS GETS INTO
HIS CAR AND GIVES
CHASE--

ALL-IVE GOT HIM
TRAPPED-- HE TURNED
DOWN A DEAD-END
STREET-- HE'S HEADED
FOR THE DOCKS!!



TO MANNERS--
THE THIEF DRIVES
RIGHT OFF INTO
DOCKS-- AND--









Rance Keane, an exciting Western picture story starts in the July issue—on sale May 31st.

SLIM and TUBBY

CHAPTER 1

JUST AS BENTON, SLIM AND TUBBY WERE RETURNING TO TOWN TO CLEAR UP THEIR CASE, THEY GOT A BISH-SURPRISE—

WHAT? YOU SAY THAT? YES—HE IS! WARRIORS! GUNMEN! COYOTES! GANGS!

TUBBY GUARD THESE FELLAS TONIGHT—AT DAWN START FOR TOWN WITH 'EM—DO YOU CAN YOU DO THAT?

SURE—BUT WHERE ARE YOU TWO GOIN'?

WE'RE GOIN' TO TOWN—COME ON, SLIM!!

WHILE THEY SET TO TOWN IT MEANS THE END FOR OUR GANG—AND WE TOO!

THERE THEY GO—WISH I WAS WITH 'EM! WATCHIN' THESE SCARED SHEEP S'NT ANY REAL FUN—OH WELL—

—JUST MY LUCK! WHEN THERE'S EXCITEMENT I ALWAYS HAFTA STAY BEHIND—I NEVER SEE ANY ACTION! I WISH—

STOP IT, YOU POOLS! YOU'RE PLAYING INTO BENTON'S HAND! SURE! HE WANT TO SEE HIM BUST UP THAT BANK ROBBERY IN THE MORNING!

PLEASANT DREAMS, YOUNG OUTLAW! I CAN STILL STOP THE OTHERS FROM MESSING IN THAT BANK ROBBERY!!

WHY, YOU FELLAS DON'T MEAN TO HELP THOSE CROOKS WHOVE HELD YOU HERE, DO YOU? YOU AND THE SHERIFF ARE THE REAL CROOKS!

JUST A MINUTE, MISTER—

STOP IT, YOU POOLS! YOU'RE PLAYING INTO BENTON'S HAND! SURE! HE WANT TO SEE HIM BUST UP THAT BANK ROBBERY IN THE MORNING!

MEANWHILE, BENTON AND SLIM HURRY ON TO TOWN WHERE THEY EXPECT THINGS TO BE POPPING—

PRETTY CLEVER THE WAY THE "COYOTES" MADE FIX 'EM! THEIR JOBS LOOK LIKE OUR WORK!!

THEY'LL TRY TO MAKE THIS ROBBERY LOOK LIKE OUR WORK TOO—HOWRE HE GOING TO STOP 'EM?

I CAN'T SAY TILL I SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

ALL RIGHT, FELLAS—GET SET NOW!

OKAY—AN AFTER THIS JOB WE ALL RETIRE—RICH!

—AND AGAIN THE COYOTE GANG SWEETLY STRIKES! QUICK—UP WITH YER HANDS ANY! STAY QUIET!!

FEET THE CASH, TUBBY—AN HURRY UP!

WHY THE MASK, BENTON? EVERYBODY KNOWS YOU! WELL—I CAN'T BE IDENTIFIED IN COURT!

WELL—I CAN'T BE IDENTIFIED IN COURT!

DROP THOSE GUNS!! REACH HIGH—QUICK!!!

SAV—CIT IF THIS IS BENTON WHO ARE THESE—??

HOWDY, SHERIFF! YOU TRIED TO IMPERSONATE ME JUST ONCE TOO OFTEN!



NOW I'VE GOT EVIDENCE TO CLEAR MY BOYS AND MYSELF, AND TO CONVICT YOU AND YOUR GANG!



HULLO, BENTON!! YOU ARE HERE IN TIME?



AFTER THE CAPTIVES TELL OF HOW THE COYOTES OPERATED, THE JUDGE ORDERS THE CROOKED SHERIFF AND HIS GANG TO JAIL—



SHE'LL BE FREE IN FIVE SECONDS--AND YOUR CONVICTION IS SET ASIDE!



BUT, JUST THEN MRS. BOTT AND MELISE PASS BY ON THEIR WAY TO GET THEIR TRAIN FOR THE EAST--



AND THE HOT-TEMPERED MELISE APPROACHES THE JUDGE AND BENTON--



SORRY, JUDGE--BUT WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO PROVE THAT WE DIDN'T TAKE HER MONEY--



JUDITH! YOU'VE COME JUST IN TIME TO HEAR SOME MORE BAD NEWS BUT I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE IT!



I DESERT--WATER HOLE-- COULDN'T GET OUT--THERE'S THE MONEY--



MY MONEY!! MELISE IS TAKEN MR. GUILTY TOO!!



PLEASE MRS. BOTT, DEAR! BOTT--HON! OH-- YOU COME BACK TO THE RANCH!!



"ROG" BUSH GETS WELL QUICKLY AFTER HIS HARD SHIPS IN THE DESERT-- AND NOW ALL IS WELL AGAIN AT THE BENTON RANCH--



GOLLY, SLIM--JUDITH'S PRETTER THAN EVER! I HOPE I HAVE REMEMBERED HOW TO MAKE LOVE--



LOOKS BAD, DAD!! YOU'LL HAVE TO BREAK THAT UP!











FREE CATALOG AND GIFT COUPON
Good for 100 Salutes

Ask for this tag, from JIM FREDERICKS Company and 100 Companies, Salutes Company with Salutes and get 100 more. Total Salutes 100.

JIM FREDERICKS CO. 100 Main St. Phil. Del.

Send for your 100 Salutes and 100 Companies

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Post Office and County (Include in your address tag)

Ned Brant is continued in the July issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale May 31st.

THE MYSTERY OF ECHO ISLAND!

By John A. Thorne

CHAPTER 2—THE HOUSE WITH THE SINGLE DOOR

Rusty opened his eyes slowly. He was lying on the floor of the underground chamber and his hands and feet were bound. Standing near the doorway was the mass of iron. But the monster no longer filled him with terror. Standing there, the robot looked very much like an ancient suit of armor. Rusty turned and saw Tommy lying by his side.

Approaching footsteps suddenly shattered the quiet and Rusty gasped. He rolled over and pressed his face to the floor. Panic gripped him as the footfalls entered the chamber and came to a halt at his side.

"Someone! This is Dalton's son. Take!"

"Yes! I have seen him often while I was watching the Dalton home," replied Taken.

"We'll take this boy before the lord Dalton, when we return from the mainland. A few tortures and his screams of agony will reveal the lips of his father." Torn laughed harshly. "Come! We go!" he added.

Rusty sighed as the footfalls faded into the distance. Warm blood raced through his veins once more and he was suddenly very much alive. He rolled over and bumped Tommy roughly.

Tommy stirred. "What—OH MY HEAD!" he groaned.

"Tommy! They're gonna torture me to make Dad tell his secret!" Rusty's voice trembled.

Tommy was instantly awake. "What—where are—"

"Down! in the mainland!" explained Rusty.

Tommy groaned. "Looks bad," he said. "Well," he paused. "Say! My trust knife is in my pocket. Maybe you can reach it?"

New hope flared into Rusty's eyes. "I'll sure try!" he vowed, through tight lips. He rolled over and wriggled about until his hands came into contact with his friend's breeches.

"Higher!" gasped Tommy, straining his neck and watching Rusty's hand. "A bit more! There!" he sighed.

"Got it!" panted Rusty. "Only now are my fingers open!" He frowned, and was lost in thought for a moment. Then, "Roll over, Tommy! I'll hold the handle! You try to open the blade."

Tense moments passed as Tommy's hands fumbled with these long loops of weapon. "Hold tight!" he cautioned, at last. "I'm gonna try!"

Rusty's fingers gripped the handle of the knife still tighter and his heart quickened. "Okay!" he gasped. And an awful quiet filled the chamber. Suddenly, Tommy relaxed and a long sigh passed from his lips.

"It—it's open!" he laughed.

Rusty heaved his shoulders against Tommy's. He lowered his arms and slipped the keen blade under his chain's bonds. Minutes later, they were free.

Rusty stood up gingerly. A flashlight lay on the table and he picked it up. Then he turned and studied the buttons and switches that controlled the iron man.

"But I could run that old robot," he mused. "Look! Each button is marked. Here's one for the 'gas' and—"

"DON'T!" Tommy's voice was nerve-stricken. "I—I—, let's get outta here!" he pleaded.

"What? Without Dad?" sneered Rusty.

"Well, let's hurry an' find him then," replied Tommy.

Rusty snapped on the flashlight and led the way into the tunnel. Weird shadows danced on the wall, for shadows wriggled down his back but he went on. Suddenly, the hole fell on a door. Rusty opened the door softly and saw a stairway leading upward. He climbed the stairs and sent the ray of light darting about searchingly. A workbench, littered with tools, was all the light disclosed. There was no sign of his father.

Rusty searched the wall with the light. "Tommy," he said. "I don't see any doors."

"Wait!" Tommy grasped Rusty's hand and guided the light to the wall on the left. Three feet above the floor, the beam quivered in a hole. "There's a hole!" he cried.

Rusty pressed to the opening and watched the finger of light vanish into the darkness beyond. "It's a trap leading upstairs!" he gasped. "Let's go!" he added, thrusting his shoulders through the opening. Tommy joined him and they crept up the winding passageway noiselessly. Suddenly, Rusty halted and an angry look appeared on his face.

"Look! Another solid wall!" he growled.

"There's a hole over there," whispered Tommy.

They slipped through the second opening and got to their feet. Rusty's shoulders sagged as the light swept the room.

"Lookin' but four walls an' another work-bench," he said bitterly. "Dad must be here, Tommy!" he added. "He must be!"

Tommy shook his head. "Look! More holes and they lead to different rooms. This place is a sort of maze, Rusty! It's a house with a single door."

"Yeh, but I know" Rusty passed and saved Tommy. "Did you hear that?" he asked.

"Who—what?" faltered Tommy.

Rusty shot an angry glance toward the hole on their right. "A guess! In that room!" he whispered. Cold sweat beaded his brow but he cast off his fear and slipped through the opening.

The room was much larger than the others. Rusty noticed that at once. He got to his feet and sent the light darting about in the darkness. Suddenly, his chin sagged and he felt sick.

"DAD! DAD!" The strained, unrecalled cry burst from Rusty's lips as the light fell upon a still form in a far corner of the room.

Mr. Dalton turned slowly and his eyes were wide and startled. "Rusty!" he gasped. "Go 'way, lad! They're—"

"They've gone to the mainland!" cut in Rusty.

"Thank heavens!" breathed Mr. Dalton fervently. "Get those ropes and let's get out of here."

Rusty jerked out his knife and in no time at all, they were lowering down the rope. They descended into the tunnel and the flush of victory mounted in Rusty's cheeks. One hundred yards more and they would be out in the clean, fresh air. Suddenly, he halted and the blood drained from his face. Footsteps were approaching. Taken and Taro had returned.

Panic gripped Rusty. He switched off the flashlight and stared into the blackness with terror-stricken eyes. Ten feet away, the light in the underground chamber cast a sickly glow into the tunnel. Rusty studied the light and a wild plan crept through his brain.

"The iron man!" he gasped. "That's our only chance!"

"Let us—" began Mr. Dalton. But Rusty had already crossed the shaft of light and vanished into the chamber. He stood before the control-panel and his knees trembled.

One day slip now and all would be lost.

The men were approaching swiftly to now. Their voices were much clearer. Suddenly, Taro entered the chamber. He paused, looked at the door and his eyes grew started.

"Taken! They're gone!" he shouted.

Taken rushed into the chamber and spied Rusty. "Not yet, Taro! Wait!" The words died in a cry of dismay. Rusty had closed the switch marked "start" and the iron man was suddenly alive. Scarlet light spouted from its eyes and a white cloud belched from the huge chest.

Rusty pressed the "gas" button still harder. He watched the men cower at their eyes. He heard their gasps as each breath became an effort. He saw them stagger blindly, then slump to the floor. Suddenly, his own eyes were aching. Each breath sent a sharp pain shooting through his chest and the light was whirling madly. Sleep threatened him and he surrendered with a sob.

Rusty opened his eyes slowly. The sun was warm; the air fresh and clean. He looked up into his father's anxious face and smiled.

"We caught 'em, lad," beamed Mr. Dalton. "Thanks to you boys, Uncle Sam will be the sole owner of our air-corpse and its radio control."

"Great!" exclaimed Rusty.

"Oh yes!" said Tommy. "But one thing puzzles me, Mr. Dalton. What's the idea of a house with no doors and so blasted many rooms?"

Mr. Dalton smiled. "My plans, along with that particular section of a model, are hidden in different rooms. Should our new part fall into the wrong hands, it would be useless—yes?"

Tommy nodded. "Well," he said, "guess we solved the mystery of the missing inventor all right. And maybe you think I'm not glad?"

"Me too!" agreed Rusty.

Mr. Dalton smiled but his eyes were strangely moist.

"That goes for me too, fellows!" he said warmly.

LARK BIRD, by Robert M. Hyatt.
Starts in the July issue—
on our May 31st.



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GEORGE MARCOUX



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REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

- ART PINAJIAN -





CHIEF BIG HORN—THE WHITE FATHER
HAS HEARD OF MANY KILLINGS AMONG
YOUR TRIBESMEN—THE GUILTY ONES
MUST BE PUNISHED—THAT IS WHY
I HAVE COME!



WHAT CARE WE FOR YOUR GREAT FATHER—
THIS IS OUR LAND AND I RULE AS I
WISH—AS TO THE DEAD MY MAGIC
HAS ORDERED THEIR DEATH—NOW
GET OUT BEFORE I ORDER MY MEN
TO KILL YOU!



YOU CAN'T SCARE US, BIG HORN—IF
YOU HARM US YOUR WHOLE VILLAGE
WILL BE FULL OF REDCOATS BEFORE
YOU CAN MAKE A MOVE—YOU KNOW
WE MEAN BUSINESS!



WAIT—I WILL SPEAK WITH
NEE—THEN MAKE BIG
MEDICINE—YOU GO TO
OTHER LODGE AND WAIT
ANSWER!



YOU STAY
HERE—WE
WATCH YOU!

BOY—THAT WAS SOME
BLUFFING! SAY—I
WONDER WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO AMO!



HEY—WHAT'S ALL
THE DANCING AND
SHOUTING
ABOUT?

THEY GET READY
FOR CEREMONY—
DEATH FOR THE
REDCOATS!



LOOK! INDIANS RUN AWAY—EVIL
SPIRITS COME TO GET US—
RUN—RUN!!



GREAT SCOTT—THE INDIANS ARE
SCATTERING LIKE FRIGHTENED RABBITS!
THEY'RE AFRAID OF SOMETHING—
I WONDER WHAT?? — GOSH—IT'S
AMO!!





Another episode of Reynolds of The Mounted in the July issue—on sale May 31st.

THE MEANING OF THE 4TH OF JULY



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John Adams, second President of the United States and one of the most distinguished signers of the Declaration of Independence, wrote: "The Fourth of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, balls, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forever."



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS



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LOU BROUILLARD, A LEFTY, HAS HELD THE WELTER AND MIDDLEWEIGHT TITLES

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



CIMON NOW, WEIDEBOTTOM! LET'S BE PALS, HUH?
BRRSK! I SUSPECT SOMETHING-- YOU WEREN'T FRIENDLY LAST TIME WE MET



AW THAT'S FER SOT! I'M CELEBRATING ME BIRTHDAY-- AN I DON'T HOLD NO GRUDGES!!



GIVE MY PALS ANYTHING THEY WANT-- BUT MAKE JOE'S MILK!!
AH--THIS IS INDEED A RARE OCCASION!



YOU'RE A FINE FELLOW, AN WE LOVE FINE FELLOWS, AND IT WE, KID? LOVE YOU BOTH!
OH, UH--YAS!



WHAT CHA DOIN' THESE DAYS, WEIDERS?
I KNOW MANAGE FIGHTERS-- AN BEEN DOING WELL IF I MAY SAY SO!



HA--HA--AND I HALL AN YA WHEN THIS KID WENT TO RAY CAME TO AFTER THE KNOCKOUT I CONVINCED HIM THAT I RAID HIM BEFORE THE FIGHT! AND--



HAY-HAY!! YOU CHEAP WASNT IT CROOK--CIMON CLEVER THOUGH??
YER GOIN' WITH US!!



W-WHERE ARE HE WANT WE GOINST? YOUSE TO HAVE MY RIGHTS!!
BRRSK!!



HERE HE IS, BRRSK! IT'S KID--HE GOT AN OUTRAGE!! A ROLL AN I SHALL HOLD YOUR SHARE YOU ALL IN-- DO! THE BRRSK!! CHISLER!!



NICE KETCH-- I PLAYED BASE BALL!
SHUCK



HERE'S TH' TWO HUNDERD HE HELD OUT ON YA--HE'S GOT A BAD MEMORY!
OH--THANKS



SOMETIMES I THINK MR. WEIDEBOTTOM JUST AINT GOT NO WILL POWER!
OH--THANKS
TH' USE--YA N-NICE GUY! HEY--I DIDNT TAKE OUT FER TH' DRINKS!

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By Ham Fisher

HERE'S A TIP
TO REMEMBER
IF YOU'RE
LEFT-HANDED
KEEP YOUR
RIGHT HAND
UP TO KEEP
YOURSELF
SAFE



BUT IF A
LEFT-HANDER
HAS A GOOD
RIGHT TOO
THEN KEEP
IN CLOSE
AND USE A
STRAIGHT
RIGHT WHEN
IT'S AT ALL
POSSIBLE.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S

BOY! THIS IS THE BEST
THING I EVER
HAD!

ROAD WORK
IS NOT ONLY
FINE FOR
THE BOYER
BUT FOR
ANYONE
WHO
DESIRES
A GOOD
HEALTHY
BODY

BOY! THIS
IS THE
BEST
THING
I EVER
HAD!
NO
MOST!

A SWEAT
SHIRT SHOULD
BE WORN
AND A COLD
SHOWER
TAKEN AFTER
TO AVOID A
COLD--USE
AN INDIAN
LOPE AND
REST BY
WALKING--

I-UH--
M-ME
SHOE
HURTS!
TEE-HEE!
HE BETTER
SIT
DOWN!!

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

THIS IS A FINE EXERCISE
FOR THE ABDOMINAL
MUSCLES. LIE FLAT ON YOUR
BACK WITH YOUR ARMS
BEHIND YOU AND HEAD AND
LEGS EXTENDED----



RAISE YOUR
LEGS AND AT
THE SAME TIME
BRING YOUR
HANDS TO YOUR
SIDES--ONLY
REPEAT THIS
SIX OR SEVEN
TIMES TO
BEGIN-- DO
NOT OVERDO IT!



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

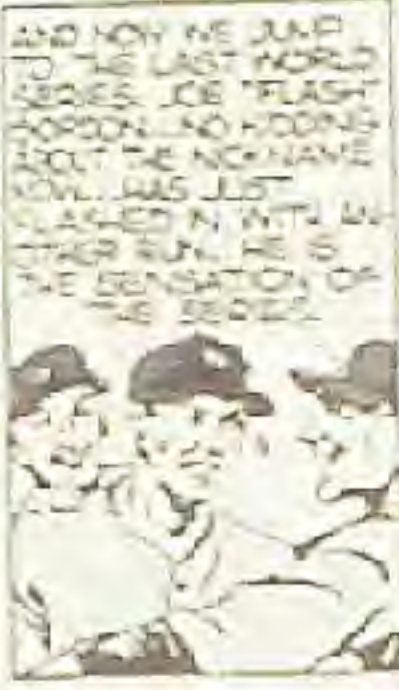


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